

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

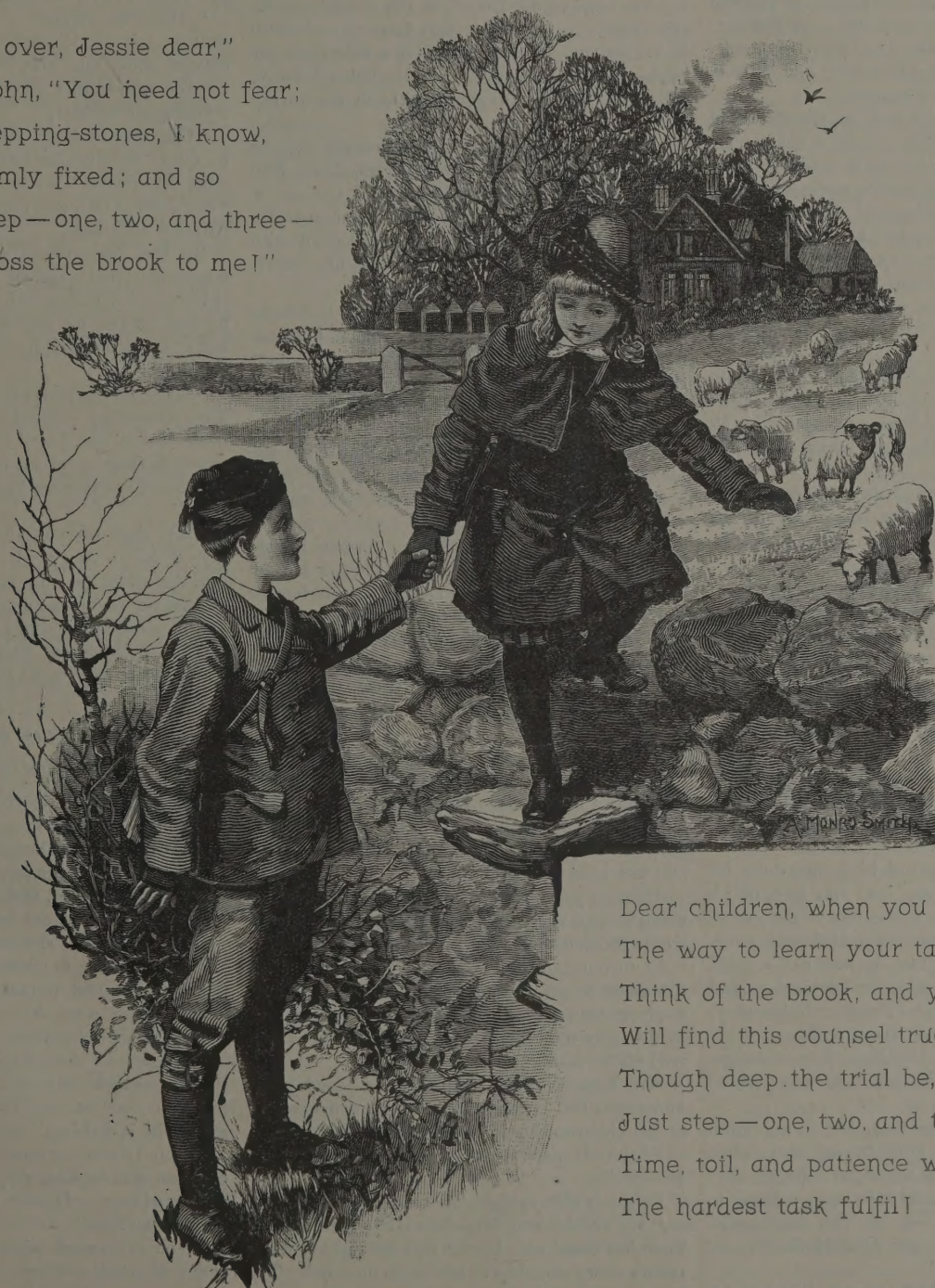
A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. VI.—No. 16.

BOSTON, APRIL 12, 1891.

{ Entered as second-class
mail matter.

"Come over, Jessie dear,"
Said John, "You need not fear;
The stepping-stones, I know,
Are firmly fixed; and so
Just step—one, two, and three—
And cross the brook to me!"



Dear children, when you ask
The way to learn your task,
Think of the brook, and you
Will find this counsel true:
Though deep the trial be,
Just step—one, two, and three;
Time, toil, and patience will
The hardest task fulfil!

THE STEPPING-STONES.

MY HERO.

BY ALICE KENT ROBERTSON.



WINTER! Icicles weighted the trees with their glittering transparency; the snow lay smoothly packed upon the ground; and through the gathering twilight the jingle of bells mingled with mirthful voices, as sleigh-loads of happy young people spun through the main street of the town, on the home-stretch from their Saturday outing.

My hero, John Rae, was walking briskly along this same street, his hands buried deep in his ulster pockets, his fur cap set firmly on the back of his head, which at this moment was turned up to the deep blue of the sky, where stars were beginning to wink. It was a well-poised head, whereof the broad, high brow showed to advantage outlined by the dark fur of the cap. Strictly speaking, the face was not handsome, but was full of the brightness and hope of youth. Its lines denoted combined sensitiveness and force of character. A bonny face, I should call it; and, indeed, young Rae was of Scotch descent.

He was thinking that he and his friends would have a fine night for their toboggan coast. He had been superintending the work upon the slide, and now with sharpened appetite was on his homeward way to join his mother and sister at supper. As he turned a sharp corner, he experienced a shock which brought him to a sudden halt; and hearing a little cry of alarm, he looked down, to see something lying in a heap on the sidewalk just before him, while a lesser, light object lay a few feet distant.

"A plague upon my carelessness!" John muttered. Then, stooping, "I beg your pardon, little girl. I am afraid I have hurt you, poor thing!" And he gently lifted the poor thing from the ground.

She uttered an hysterical note, something between a sob and a laugh; but recovering herself at finding her feet once more on the solid earth, a sweet voice said, —

"Not a bit hurt, thank you; but my bundle — where is that?" looking anxiously about.

"Here, little girl." And John with one stride had secured the parcel, and was holding it in view of its owner. "Are you sure you are not hurt? Just like me to go mooning along with my head in the air, expecting children to look out for themselves!"

"But I am not a child, and I am not at all hurt; and now, if you please, Mr. Rae, I will take my bundle and go on, for it is getting late, and mother will be anxious."

Surprised at the sound of his name, John for the first time looked fully into the face of his companion, and felt that it was one of the sweetest faces he had ever seen, while realizing, somewhat to his confusion, that it was not a child before him, but a girl of about his own age, — and John had just passed his nineteenth birthday. She was very pale; and in the wistfulness of the smile now turned up to him there was a suggestion of something familiar which he was puzzled to recall.

"You don't remember me, but I am Ruth Armstrong. You were good to me once, when we were little children at school, and the big boys bullied me because" — and here came a break in the voice — "because I am not like other girls. I shall never forget you nor your kindness; and now my bundle, please."

But John Rae's right hand was lifted to his cap, and his noble young head was bared with the

deference due a queen, while his left hand held the parcel more firmly; and almost before she knew it Ruth found herself walking down the street by John's side in the direction of the house whither she had been carrying the work which she and her mother had finished that day.

In a few minutes this girl of fairy-like proportions, who was sensitive because of the slight deformity in one shoulder, felt herself perfectly at ease with this strong, tall young fellow at her side; and to her own surprise she heard herself laughing heartily at the bright bits of college fun which John was recalling for her amusement. He, too, liked to hear that musical laughter floating out into the keen night air.

The parcel delivered, John accompanied Ruth to her own door, and once more raising his cap, said, —

"Miss Armstrong, my sister and I are going to have some of our friends on the toboggan slide this evening. I hope we may have the pleasure of seeing you. You will receive a note from my mother within an hour." And he hurried away, for he did not wish to give Ruth a chance to say no.

Here was an opportunity, John thought, to put a bit of brightness into this young girl's life. Full of high impulse, he hurried home.

"What is it, my son?" said his mother, receiving his kiss of greeting, as she looked with the sympathy of motherhood into his eager, interested face.

"I want you, little Mother, to write a note to Mrs. Armstrong, — you know, whom I mean, do you not? She and her daughter support themselves by sewing."

"A note to Mrs. Armstrong!" said Mrs. Rae, in surprise.

"Yes, asking that Mary and I may have the pleasure of Miss Ruth's company at our party to-night." And John here recounted his adventure.

"But," said his sister Mary, "what if you have knocked Ruth down and picked her up again, and kept Mamma and me waiting for our supper while you escorted her home," — with scornful emphasis on the word, and a toss of her pretty head, which was not free of foolish notions, — "is that any reason why we should ask her to our party? I should think you were crazy, John Rae!"

"And why not ask her, Mary? And if it is crazy to try to put some brightness into another's life, then I am willing to be crazy."

"But, John, you know Ruth is not in our 'set,' and she is poor, and none of us know her, and she will have a horrid time."

"Not if you and I can help it, Mary." And there was an unconscious rebuke in her brother's words which deepened the roses in Mary's cheeks. "As to our 'set,'" he continued, "it makes no difference to me whether she is in it or not; and a pretty 'set' we are, if we are not willing and glad to give some pleasure to another who is less well off than we."

Mrs. Rae, who with feelings of mingled pride and regret had been listening to the conversation of her children, here broke in: —

"John is right, Mary. It shall be as he wishes."

"John is always right," pouted Mary.

"My child," and Mrs. Rae laid a gentle hand upon her daughter's head, "is it not right to do to others as we would have others do unto us? Try to put yourself in Ruth Armstrong's place, and you will agree with your brother."

Mrs. Rae then turned to her writing-desk, wrote the desired note, and sent it by a servant to the little house of the Armstrongs, where its arrival created a flutter of excitement in the hearts of Ruth and her mother.

It was a merry party gathered on the toboggan slide in the light of the full moon, — the bright costumes of the coasters standing out in bold relief from the whiteness all around, the clear air ringing with song and laugh.

"But where is John Rae?" cried one voice; and the question was taken up by another.

"We can't begin without John," said a third; for John was a great favorite, not only with his companions, but with his elders. Not a man, woman, or child in the town who knew John but liked him.

"He will be here soon," said Mary Rae, though she had not quite enough courage to add that he had gone to fetch Ruth Armstrong.

"There he comes! Come on, John; we are waiting for you!" shouted Bob Austin, John's college chum and best friend.

"But who is that little thing with him?" said a young girl to Mary.

"Oh, that is Ruth Armstrong. John thinks he ought to give her some fun, and I suppose I must be polite," answered Mary, reluctantly; "but John is so queer sometimes that I get out of patience with him."

By this time this "queer" brother and his companion had reached the spot. With the chivalry of true-heartedness and good-breeding, he now offered his arm to Ruth, and conducting her to his sister said, in distinct tones, so that all could hear, —

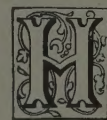
"Mary, let me present our guest and my friend, Miss Armstrong. She has been good enough to make one of our party to-night; and" — with a gentle inclination of his head to Ruth — "I need not assure her that we hope she may have a good time."

There were tears in the blue eyes which Ruth turned up to Mary, who no sooner had looked into the sweet face to which they belonged than she began to be genuinely ashamed of herself; and impulsively turning to Ruth, she kissed her.

Then John knew that he had won, and that Ruth Armstrong's good time was an assured fact.

SPRING VIOLETS.

BY HELEN M. HARMER.



ESTER, is your letter ready? Uncle Gilbert is going to the village, and will mail it for you."

Hester put down the book she was reading, and turned to her aunt with a look of regret on her face.

"Oh, Auntie," she said, "I am so sorry! I meant to have finished it directly after dinner; but I forgot, and went to the bush to hunt for violets. See, Aunt Annie, how pretty they are. I brought them for you."

"Thank you, dear," replied her aunt. "I am pleased with the flowers, but I am sorry you have forgotten your letter. You must go and tell your uncle; he is waiting."

When Hester returned, a few minutes later, her aunt was looking very earnestly at the fresh spring violets. Hester put her hand on her aunt's shoulder.

"You are vexed with me, Auntie," she said; "but Mamma will not mind. She told me to write as soon as I could. I did not promise any particular day."

"I am not vexed, my dear, only sorry to find you have the bad habit of putting off your duties. You came here on Wednesday, and this is Friday. I think you might have made an opportunity to write home sooner."

"But, Auntie," pleaded Hester, "it does not matter much. Mamma knows I reached here safely."

"In this particular case it may not matter, Hester; but the habit is wrong, and you should try not to let it grow upon you. I will tell you of something that happened to me when I was a girl, and then you will understand why I am so anxious now to have you do the right thing at the right time."

Nothing pleased Hester so much as a story. She sank back among the sofa-cushions, and begged her aunt to begin.

"When I was about eleven years old," began Aunt Annie, "a city family came to live in the cottage close to your grandfather's farm. The family consisted only of two, — mother and daughter.

"Mrs. Barlow was a weak, delicate person; and Eunice, though much stronger, looked pale and thin in comparison with the rosy, healthy little girls I knew. Perhaps it was because she was so different from any one else that I liked her so much, even from the first time I saw her.

"We soon became great friends; and as the winter came on Eunice was almost my only companion, for all the other girls lived at some distance.

"One clear, cold day early in January Eunice and I started off to skate on a large pond about two miles from the farm, and when we reached it we found many of our schoolmates already there. We soon joined them on the ice, and had such a pleasant time that we were quite surprised when some of the children cried out that it was time to go home.

"Eunice and I had just put our skates over our arms, and were bidding good-by to some of our friends, when a cry was raised that a child was in the water. We hurried to the other side of the pond, and found that some boys had been playing leap-frog, and one unlucky boy had jumped so high that when he came down again on the ice it gave way and he went into the water. Of course, the children carelessly crowded round, till they stood on the very edge of the ice, causing it to break still more.

"When Eunice and I joined the others the boy was on his feet again. I could never tell how it happened, but in the confusion Eunice was pushed into the hole the boy had made. I tried to pull her back, but instead fell in myself. The pond was not very deep, so that there was little danger of our drowning; but by the time we were helped out again we were thoroughly wet, and shivering from head to foot.

"How well I remember that night! It was so bitterly cold, and the wind seemed to blow right through us, and our clothes froze hard and stiff. We reached the cottage first, and with a few words to Mrs. Barlow we left the half-insensible Eunice there, and hurried on to the farm. I don't know what the children told my mother. I only remember a confusion of hot water and blankets, and how with a feeling of drowsy comfort I fell asleep.

"The next morning I awoke feeling as bright and fresh as though nothing had happened, and soon persuaded my mother to let me go over and ask after Eunice. Wrapped in my thick, warm cloak, I danced over the frozen fields to Mrs. Barlow's cottage.

"I quite expected to find Eunice sitting in her mother's big arm-chair. Instead, Mrs. Barlow was standing by the fire alone, with a troubled look on her face. She told me that Eunice had been ill and feverish all night, and early in the morning Mrs. Barlow had been for the doctor, who had ordered Eunice to stay in bed for a few days. Poor little girl! It was more than a month before she was able to get up, and I was quite frightened to find how thin and weak she had grown in the mean time.

"I am surprised now to think how quietly and naturally I took the sad news Mrs. Barlow gave Mother a few days after. I suppose I could not realize that Eunice had only a few more months to live. Eunice herself was quite reconciled, and only begged me to spend as much time as possible with her. I should have liked to give up my school for a time, but Mother thought it better not to do so; and so I could only see Eunice after four o'clock. I grew more and more fond of her every day.

"The winter passed away. April came, and Eunice, though she was weaker and frailer looking, was still spared to us, and was more beautiful and lovable in her illness than before. Every afternoon I went to the cottage; and as the bright, pleasant days followed one another, I began to hope that after all the doctor had made a mistake. Surely Eunice must grow strong in the beautiful sunshine; her face had such a lovely color, and she seemed to take more interest in things about her.

"One day I found Eunice lying on her sofa by the open window. She looked up with a smile as she saw me, and I noticed a sad, wistful look in her eyes. I told her everything I could to cheer her, and after a little while she seemed happy again; but when I told her it was nearly time for me to go, she caught my hand with a sudden, impulsive cry: —

"'Annie,' she said with a piteous ring in her voice, 'when the doctor first told Mother that I should not get well again, I felt it was all right; but now, somehow, I feel as if I must stay to see the summer again. The birds and the flowers are so lovely! I want them so much! Do you know, Annie, I really think I should feel better if I could get some violets; they smell so sweet and good.'

"I knelt down and kissed her. 'Eunice, darling,' I whispered, 'if violets can make you better, you shall soon be well. I will hunt the bush in the morning, and get all I can.' Soon after I was obliged to go home.

"Eunice kissed me with more than usual warmth; and her last words as I left her were, 'Come early to-morrow, and don't forget the violets.'

"As I went home I made up my mind that I would go to the bush before I went to school in the morning; there would be plenty of time, and then I could take them over at noon.

"I told Mother what Eunice had said, and she advised me to leave none of my lessons to finish in the morning, as I often did. I meant to do as she said, but I could not even for one night overcome my greatest fault, — that of leaving everything to the very last minute. In spite of my great love for Eunice, and my desire to get the flowers for her, I dawdled over my lessons, till at last Mother sent me to bed with my exercise still unwritten. There was nothing for me to do but write it in the morning, and then Eunice must wait for the violets till the afternoon.

"When I came home from school, shortly after twelve, Mother met me, looking slightly troubled.

"'Annie,' she said, 'you must stay at home this afternoon. I have to go over to B——, and you must take care of the baby. Jane will be busy in the dairy; and besides the baby won't be good with her.'

"I reminded Mother about the violets, but she only shook her head sadly; 'I can't help it, dear,' she replied. 'If you had only done as I told you last night, you could have picked the flowers this morning. Now Eunice must suffer for your fault.'

"Directly after dinner Mother went out, and I was left with my little baby brother to look after. It seemed to me that he was very troublesome. I could not get time to write a few lines to Eunice, though I knew she would be expecting me every moment. It was quite late when Mother came home, — far too late for me to go over to the cottage! I suppose she saw how disappointed I was, for she kissed me kindly, and said, —

"'You have kept everything very nice since I have been away. You shall stay at home to-morrow morning; then you can pick the violets, and take them straight to Eunice.'

"I went to bed comforted, and did not wake till the sun was shining in my room. I hurried over my breakfast, and started off. What a lovely day it was, so warm and fresh! When I got to the bush the violets were difficult to find, and I must have spent over two hours hunting before I found enough to make a small bouquet. I did not wait even to show them to Mother, but hastened to the cottage feeling very happy. How pleased Eunice would be! how sweetly she would smile her forgiveness for my having kept her waiting so long!

"The sun was shining over the budding trees outside the cottage; a little bird was singing a merry song somewhere overhead. I tapped on the door, and without waiting for an answer went in, and then stood still in surprise. There was no one in the front room; but in the inner one, where Eunice slept, Mrs. Barlow was on her knees by the bed. Not liking to take them by surprise, I called softly, 'Mrs. Barlow! Eunice! I have brought the violets.'

"At the sound of my voice Mrs. Barlow rose to her feet and came slowly toward me, pulling the door after her. Then I saw that her face was wet with tears.

"'You have come too late,' she said brokenly. 'Eunice was asking for you all the afternoon, she wanted them so much; she can never see them now.'

"I did not understand her at first; but in a few minutes she told me that Eunice had died early that morning without apparent pain or trouble. I could not believe her. I pushed past her to the other room, expecting to see Eunice's sweet face smiling at me; but, alas! she had spoken only too truly! There upon the bed lay the dearest friend I had ever had, with a strange, still look upon her face, — her lips as white as her cheeks, and her hair like a golden wreath around her head. Then I understood what had happened. I fell on my knees by her bed, and called her by all the loving names I could think of, — knowing all the time that she could not answer. I had dropped the flowers on the floor in my excitement. Mrs. Barlow picked them up and placed them in the still, cold hands.

"'Eunice wanted them so much,' she said unknowingly, — giving me the keenest reproach possible.

"Then I could bear it no longer, and without a word I rushed out of the house and ran home as fast as I could. I found Mother in the sitting-

room looking over some bills. I don't know how I told her; but I felt loving arms around me, and heard gentle words trying to comfort my pain.

"Long after, I knew that Eunice could not have lived much longer in any case; but then it seemed to me that she might possibly have held on to life a day or two longer, if I had only kept my promise to her. It was many, many weeks before I felt cheerful again! Everywhere I went, everything I did, reminded me that Eunice's last wish was ungratified."

"Poor Auntie!" said Hester. "No wonder you looked so sadly at the violets."

"Yes," replied her aunt. "I never see violets, without thinking how much pain might have been spared if I had only done the right thing at the right time."

THOSE FUNNY LITTLE GIRLS.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.



UCY and little Nell were on their way to school. As it was a new one, which had just been opened in the village, both of the girls felt somewhat shy and anxious; and Nell, who had never been to school at all, held closely to

her sister's protecting hand. Papa was very busy, and Mamma had the headache. There was no help for it. The children had to go alone.

They were to stop at the Library on their way, to leave a book which Mamma had sent back. In the book was a slip of paper, upon which she had written in trembling characters, "'Following the Guidon.'" By Mrs. Custer."

As they walked along, Lucy took out the paper and studied it. "'Following the *Gridiron*,'" she read confidently. "It must be a cook-book that Mamma wants, Nellie."

"Is it?" asked little Nell. "Perhaps we'll have ice-cream and spun sugar when Mamma gets well. Will it tell how to spin the sugar, Lucy?"

"I don't know. It'll tell all about meat, any way."

But they had now reached the Library steps, and in a few seconds stood waiting before a long green-covered table, at which a lady was sitting. Lucy presented her book and paper. The wished-for volume fortunately was in.

As the little girls turned to go out, the librarian gave their cheeks a playful pinch. "They are as rosy as these apples on my desk," said she. "What capital pies they would make!"

"Does *this* tell how to make pies?" asked Nellie, timidly, pointing to the book.

"Oh, no; it's a book of —"

But the children had reached the door, and they quickly disappeared, each with a bashful "Good-morning."

"I don't b'lieve it's anything but meat," said Lucy, disconsolately.

"Don't open it, Lucy. We shall be late."

Not another word was spoken until they reached the schoolhouse. Then Nellie clung closer to Lucy, whose own poor little heart was beating strangely. How long they might have stood outside, no one can tell. It seemed a great while, as it was; but it was really not half a minute before the teacher opened the door, and they were ushered at once into warmth and brightness, and what appeared to them a bewildering profusion of pretty mysteries.

Their walk home, after the school session had closed, seemed much shorter than the going. Their eyes sparkled with excitement. They had

had such a lovely morning, and there was so much to tell Mamma!

But notwithstanding all this, Lucy found time on the way home to peep between the pretty covers of the Library book.

"It's all men and Indians and flags," said she. "Here's a fire, and they're sitting around it; but I don't see the gridiron."

Nellie did n't answer. They were almost home now, and she could see Mamma's pale face at the window. They hurried forward, and were soon in the little sitting-room, clasping her tightly round the neck, with childish disregard of aches and pains.

"Be careful, darlings," gasped Mamma. "Not quite so close, please. But tell me, has it been so very dreadful?"

"It was n't dreadful at all, Mamma," replied Lucy. "The teacher's *just splendid*."

"Yes," put in Nell, "she's *pretty splendid*; but she did n't believe what I said."

"Did n't believe what you said, Nellie!"

"No, Mamma. I said I could read 'The Boy and the Dog'; and she made me do it."

Mamma smiled.

"Is n't Nell funny, Mamma?" laughed Lucy. "She is nice, though, the teacher is. And, Mamma, we brought your cook-book. We've looked at the pictures, but we can't find the gridiron."

"The gridiron?" asked Mamma, wonderingly.

"Yes. Where was it, Mamma; and what are they 'following the gridiron' for?"

Poor Mamma! She gave one look into the eager, questioning faces before her, then buried her own in the sofa-pillow. The children looked on, half-frightened. Was she crying?

She raised her head in a moment, and tried to speak: "You dear — funny — little —" And again she took refuge in the pillow. She was not crying, though there were tears in her eyes.

"But, Mamma," said Lucy, patting the back of her head very softly, "I just want to know if it's the Indians that follow the gridiron?"

"Do the Indians always cook with gridirons?" put in Nellie.

There was no answer. The pillow was strangely agitated.

When at length Mamma was sure of herself, she looked up again, and wiped her eyes. Then she took the book, and pointed out to the children the two flags upon the cover.

"This is what these brave people followed," said she, — "their country's flag. This was their *guidon*. You made a mistake in the word, Lucy. It was n't a bit strange, darling," she added, reassuringly; "for Mamma hardly knew what she was writing this morning."

"Then it is n't a cook-book?" said Lucy.

"No, dearie. Sometime we will look at the pictures together, and I will tell you about it."

The dinner-bell rang just at this moment. Mamma could not go out into the dining-room; so the little girls, having shaken up the sofa-pillow with more zeal than prudence, begged her to lie down again, which she was only too glad to do.

Toward evening, however, she was so much better that she could enjoy the narration of the wonderful experiences of the first day of school, which the children gave at great length. But in the midst of the recital Nellie's round face became suddenly grave.

"I don't think we ought to tell any more things," she remarked very seriously.

"Not tell any more! Why not, darling?"

"Because, don't you know, Mamma, it says on the door, 'A *Private School*.'"

THE FLYING SQUIRRELS.

BY MRS. JULIA A. CARNEY.

"WHAT are they, — pets, or pests?" asked a lady visitor from the city, when we told her that we had a nest of flying squirrels in the house.

"Both, I guess!" was the laughing reply. Perhaps it would have been more accurate to say they were a little of the first, and a great deal of the last. If they had stayed in their own home, in the grove adjoining, we should have thought them very pretty pets. As they had invaded ours, and were doing as much mischief as rats, while not so easily caught, or driven away, or kept out, they soon became disliked as pests.

A few months before, we had purchased one of the beautiful little groves which were known in the early settlement of Illinois as "oak openings," — having a thin growth of oaks, but no underbrush. Just in the edge of this grove, and near the top of what we had learned to call a hill, we had placed our house. Soon after we moved in, one of the children came running in, with the news that a bird was "trying to bite a hole in the house." We found the story more nearly correct than we anticipated.

A handsome red-headed woodpecker was seemingly trying to find out what kind of a tree we had there, and if there were any worms to dislodge from between the shingles, which possibly seemed to him a kind of bark. It was several days before he was entirely discouraged from his attempt. He was no more afraid of us than he had been of the cattle who had grazed there before we intruded upon the solitude. When at last he desisted from his work, perhaps because the new pine did not give him the food he sought, there was quite a hole through the siding under the eaves. We never knew whether he intended it for a nest, or was only looking for insects.

We had no thought that any other creature would take possession of the hole thus left; and as it was high up under the peak of the roof of a two-story house, and broad eaves prevented snow or rain from coming in, we forgot the matter entirely, until we began to be annoyed by what we supposed to be the work of rats.

"But how do they get all over the house? How can they climb upon those swinging shelves in the cellar? And how does it happen that there are no fragments left?" The last question was the most puzzling. Nothing was gnawed and left, none of the shelves were injured or soiled. At last one night one of the family rose and went to the pantry for exploration. As he opened the door, a dark object sprang from a shelf and came full in his face. Somewhat startled, he dashed it to the floor, and struck a heavy blow with a club he had carried in quest of rats. At the same moment, something he thought was a bird passed over his head and was gone.

Great was the mourning among the children in the morning when they saw the pretty little creature that had fallen a victim. It was a flying squirrel. I will copy for you its description, from one of the first books that attempted to give any account of the animals of North America, "Peter Parley's Geography." The author says, —

"The Flying Squirrel is very abundant in various parts of the country. It is much admired for the softness of its fur and the gentleness of its disposition. The skin of the sides is extended from the fore to the hind limbs, so as to form a sort of sail, which enables it to descend swiftly from a great height in the easiest and most pleasant manner, often passing over a considerable space. This squirrel is small, of an ash color above and white beneath, with large, prominent black eyes. It builds its nest in hollow trees."



IN THE FLOWERY KINGDOM.

Our Letter-Box.

HIGHLANDS, N. C.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, — We are two girls of fourteen, and live in a beautiful section of western North Carolina, in the town of Highlands, a pretty village of about three hundred and fifty in population, and noted as a health-resort. We have a Unitarian Society and a Sunday-school. Our public school has about forty scholars in attendance. But for fear our letter written four thousand feet above the sea will find a lower level in the waste-basket, we will close, subscribing ourselves

Respectfully,

FANNIE W. DURGIN.
MARY E. HEACOCK.

ITHACA.

MR. EDITOR, — I go to the Unitarian Sunday-school; and in our EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, which I got Sunday, I found this Geographical Puzzle. I am eleven years old, and go to school; so I brought my Geography home, and have written out this puzzle given by Almira W. Bates. I like it very much, and think it quite instructive. Hoping to see more of them in our paper, I remain

Your steady reader, FLORA E. HARDING.

SAN FRANCISCO.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY:

I attend the Pilgrim Sunday-school in this city, San Francisco, which receives your EVERY OTHER SUNDAYS, and I am quite fond of reading the stories and of working out the enigmas. I send you the following enigma about our Sunday-school, and hope every child in Boston may learn about it. The superintendent is Charles Murdock, who has held this office many years, and of whom everybody is very fond. Hoping I shall be able to read and enjoy many more of your EVERY OTHER SUNDAYS, I am

Your devoted reader, LILIAN M. PARKER.

ENIGMA LI.

I AM composed of twelve letters.

My 1, 2, 3, is a fowl.

My 7, 8, 10, is not cold.

My 1, 2, 4, is a pronoun.

My 12, 11, 9, is a conjunction.

My 6, 4, 2, 3, is a bird.

My 10, 8, 5, is a plaything.

My whole is the name of the uncle that sends me your paper.

GEORGIE E. GAY.

ENIGMA LII.

I AM composed of nineteen letters.

My 1, 9, 14, 8, is a pet name for your cat.

My 4, 2, 19, 3, is one eighth of a quart.

My 11, 6, 10, means a great noise.

My 5, 12, 7, is a male sheep.

My 16, 12, 13, is feed for cattle.

My 15, 17, 18, 3, is mild.

My whole is the name of the school I attend.

LILIAN M. PARKER.

ENIGMA LIII.

I AM composed of thirty-four letters.

My 12, 7, 9, is what brightens the earth.

My 2, 10, 24, is a personal pronoun.

My 11, 13, 14, 15, 3, 5, is a relative.

My 8, 20, 15, 4, is not early.

My 1, 2, 7, 5, 1, 22, is a house of worship.

My 34, 3, 4, 34, 2, is part of the head.

My 9, 3, 18, is not old.

My 6, 25, 33, is a preposition.

My 3, 32, 5, 11, is what we hear with.

My 5, 20, 21, is an animal.

My 16, 23, is a personal pronoun.

My 14, 17, 19, is the opposite of blind.

My 21, 22, 23, is an article.

My 26, 20, 27, is the opposite of slim.

My 30, 31, 9, is a domestic fowl.

My 28, 29, 20, 33, 34, is one of the vital organs of the body.

My whole is a proverb.

CHARLIE VARNEY.

ENIGMA LIV.

I AM composed of twenty-four letters.

My 17, 7, 2, 12, is a very costly metal.

My 15, 18, 3, is a word that means everything.

My 14, 19, 12, 22, is what we do when we do not want to be seen.

My 9, 11, 1, 24, 5, is a transparent substance.

My 13, 22, 15, is a beverage

My 20, 22, 15, 23, is a drop of water.

My 8, 22, 6, 13, is a movable dwelling.

My 9, 3, 10, 5, 24, is lustre.

My 9, 10, 7, 12, is not bad.

My 5, 15, 2, 20, is a mineral used in our food.

My 4, 16, is a pronoun.

My 21, is a consonant.

My whole is a proverb.

EDDIE M.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN No. 14.

Enigma XLIX. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Enigma L. Henry W. Horton.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

49. See John vii.

51. See Leviticus xxiii. 43. The journey of the Israelites through the wilderness on their way from Egypt to Canaan.

52. See Leviticus xxiii. 34.

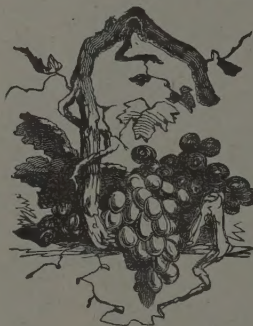
53. September.

54. See John vii. 37.

For Youngest Readers.

GRANDPA'S BEST CANE.

BY J. F. COWAN.



and knotty. The other one he had not had very long. His oldest son William had brought it to him as a birthday gift, and it was a handsome ebony stick with a gold knob richly carved with Grandpa's initials.

Grandpa was quite proud of it, and often held it in his hands and gazed at it, saying to himself, —

"It was good in William to think of me. William always was a kind boy, and this is such a nice present!"

But when he wanted to go out walking they all noticed that it was the old cane he took from the corner behind the door.

"Why don't you take the pretty new one, Grandpa?" Millie asked him more than once. "It's ever so much better-looking, and then it's a present, you know."

"Yes, I know," Grandpa would say; "but I am used to the old one, you see, and I don't like to change my friends at my age in life."

But one day when one of Millie's school-girl friends said to her, "Why does your Grandpa carry such a common-looking stick as that?" she began to feel ashamed of it, and determined that she would manage to get Grandpa to carry his nice new one.

When she went down street with him she imagined that every one was looking at the old stick and making some unkind remark about it. So Millie took the old cane and carried it to the attic; and the next time Grandpa was ready to go down street she heard him fumbling behind the door in search of his old cane.

"Come on, Grandpa!" she called from the hallway.

"Yes," he said. "I cannot find my cane."

"Why, I saw it there just a moment ago, — your best one, I mean. Why don't you take your best one?"

"I don't know, I don't know," said the old man, as he picked up the new cane and came after her.

"You don't know what, Grandpa?" asked Millie.

"Oh, nothing; I was only thinking about best things," said Grandpa, softly, half to himself.

"Why, best things are — are — the nicest things," said Millie, decidedly.

"I don't know, I don't know," said Grandpa again; and Millie was half provoked, and did not say anything more for a while.

"It's rather slippery here, Grandpa," said Millie; "you'd better take my hand, because you cannot see the best places to step. And lean hard on your cane, Grandpa, and that will keep you from falling."

"I don't know, I don't know," said Grandpa; and he looked a little dubiously at the new cane, and wished he had his trusty old one. But there was nothing else to do until they were over the slippery place, and so he pushed it down firmly against the ground, and put all the weight he could upon it, so as to keep it off his feet, that would slip. But all at once, snap went something, and Grandpa would have fallen if he had not caught the lamp-post in time to save himself.

The new cane had snapped in two, and all its polish and glittering gold could not help Grandpa then to get home again.

"Oh, dear, dear me! whatever will you do now?" asked Millie, in despair, her heart smiting her for the trick she had played on Grandpa.

"There's nothing to do but just go into Major Sanders's office here, and see if he cannot lend me a cane to get home with. Maybe I can find my old one."

"No," said Millie, "don't borrow one; but I'll run right home and get your old one, and you sit right here."

"Oh, dear! what if he had slipped and killed himself!" thought Millie, as she ran home as fast as she could. Her cheeks

tingled as she flew to the attic and brought down the old stick, and hurried back to Grandpa with it. "Here it is, Grandpa," she said, almost out of breath; "and I know what you mean, too, now about 'best' things. I'm going to call this one your best cane now."

"Handsome is as handsome does," said Grandpa, laughing softly to himself.

But I am not so sure Millie knew what Grandpa meant, for if she did she must have had a very short memory.

"Wasn't that Nettie Adams?" said Grandpa, after they had passed a little girl about Millie's own age; "or is my eyesight getting so poor that I don't know my friends?"

Millie grew red in the face again, but she gave a little toss of her head, as much as to say, "There are some things about Nettie Adams and me that you don't understand."

"I suppose it was Nettie," she answered; "I don't play with her any more."

"Ah, indeed!" said Grandpa. "And who was that new girl I saw in the parlor to-day? My eyes are not quite as good as they used to be, but I thought you had brought out all your best things just as you used to do when Nettie came."

"I did!" said Millie, stoutly. "She's my best friend now, and Nettie is n't."

"I don't know, I don't know," mused Grandpa to himself.

"What in the world does he keep saying that for?" thought Millie, impatiently; and then she said aloud: "Don't you think, she has been to New York and Saratoga and all around, and has ever so many fine things to play with at home. I think it will be ever so much better for me to play with her than that poky Nettie Adams."

"I don't know, I don't know," said Grandpa again.

"Why do you keep saying that?" demanded Millie.

"Because new canes will break, you know, little girl, and the ones you have tried and found true are the best always," said Grandpa, just as if he was thinking about nothing but canes.

And Millie did not think it meant anything but canes, either; but she knew better the next day.

She lay tossing on her bed with what the doctor thought might be scarlet fever. All day long she had to lie still, and it grew so tiresome. She wondered and wondered why her new friend, Letitia, did not come to inquire about her, but not a word or sound of her voice.

At last Mamma had to tell her, after repeated questions, that Letty had heard from one of the neighbors that it was likely to be scarlet fever, and had said she should not risk herself to come near until the danger was past.

"And I suppose Nettie won't come now, either, after I have treated her so meanly."

But she was mistaken. There was a sound of footsteps at the door, and then two arms were about her neck.

"Why, you dear, sick child, you! I just heard this minute that you had been in bed all day. No, I sha'n't go away now! Mamma asked the doctor, and he said I might come in just a minute. So here I am to cheer you up all I can!"

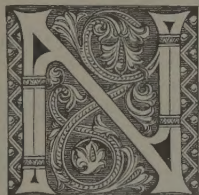
And she cheered her up more than she knew. After she had gone, it was Grandpa who came into the room leaning on his old cane.

He patted it fondly as he stood before the bed, and said softly to himself, "The best things don't always shine the most, do they, dear?"

"No," said Millie; and she knew what Grandpa was thinking about then.

TWO FRIENDS.

BY JENNIE WHITE.



IG" and "Fritz" are two little black dogs who live in the country on a farm, and are owned by the same master.

To see these dogs together you might think they were brothers; for they are both terriers, nearly the same size, and look much alike, only Fritz is a good deal older than Nig, and has grown stouter and more dignified.

These dog friends are very fond of each other, and are devoted to their master; and whenever he goes about the farm, they follow close at his heels. Fritz walks gravely and sedately behind him; but Nig finds their pace much too slow for his youthful friskiness, and gallops off every few minutes on little side excursions of his own, chasing a stray chicken or cat, or leaps over the fence for a run through a field.

One day the dogs went with their master to the field where the men were harvesting; and while Fritz lay resting in the shade, Nig as usual was nosing about to see what he could find. Suddenly he gave a short sharp bark, and pounced upon a snake that was coiled up at the edge of the field.

Nig and Fritz are both sworn enemies to snakes, and often kill them; but Nig did not get a good hold upon this one which turned its head quickly back and gave him two or three thrusts with its poisonous tongue. Nig howled with pain, but he held on in spite of it; and before the snake could strike him again, old Fritz came bounding up, and seizing his snakeship between his strong teeth, soon put an end to the battle.

When poor Nig came back to the house his face and neck were swollen and sore where the snake had bitten him. For several days he was very sick, and refused

to leave his comfortable bed in the woodshed. Fritz seemed to feel very sorry for his friend, and did not leave him for any length of time; and when he was obliged to be away from him, he would come trotting back as soon as possible, and going up to Nig would gravely inspect him as though he were a doctor or nurse, and were trying to find out how his patient had been getting on in his absence.

Nig got entirely well after awhile; and when he was able to be about again it was hard to tell which dog was the happier, Nig or Fritz.



BABY'S SWING-SONG.

BY MRS. HARRIETTE R. SHATTUCK.

Oh, 't was once upon a time, and once upon a time,
And once upon a time, long ago,
That there lived a little girl, all made out of a pearl,
Of a pearl, little girl, white as snow,—
White as snow, little girl, long ago, long ago.
Oh, her eyes they were made out of stars!
And her mouth was a rose, and her ten little toes,
They were made out of barley candy bars!

Swing her high!
Swing her low!
Baby come,
Baby go!

For 't was once upon a time, long ago.

And her hair, little girl, it was fair, it was fair,
Like the golden-yellow flax on the corn;
It was made of fluffy moss, mixed with dandelion
floss,

Gathered fresh from the meadows every morn!
And her gown, little girl, was of down, thistle-down,
Soft and brown as a wee birdie's wing;
And her voice was so sweet, and her ways were so
neat,

Neat and sweet as a morning in the spring.

Swing her high!
Swing her low!
Baby come,
Baby go!

For, 't was once upon a time, long ago, long-a-g-o.

Teachers' Department.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

THIS interesting and suggestive topic was considered at the March meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Union. The leading paper was given by Mr. Horace G. Wadlin, chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor. Mr. Wadlin said that in its origin the Sunday-school was a secular and not an ecclesiastical institution. Its purpose at first was distinctly a social one, — to help to educate ragged and neglected children in great cities. Unfortunately this aim has been lost sight of, and the Sunday-school of to-day is too often only a theological hot-bed, — a nursery of creeds and beliefs. It was this kind of Sunday-school that Emerson had in mind when he spoke of it as a dead weight which the church was carrying. The work of the Sunday-school should be far broader than this. True religion is something which not only touches the inner life, but also has to do with every human activity. The world is better, and is growing better all the time. The reason why there is so much discontent in our modern life is that there has been a general levelling up. Men awake to their powers are asking for opportunities. There is not more pauperism now than in former times; but pauperism is seen to be more dangerous than ever before. In an industrial civilization the workman is in peril of becoming only a cog in a great machine. Neither individualism nor socialism as ordinarily held can solve our present problems. Selfishness must first be eliminated. True social progress consists in the elevation of the individual, and in the application of the ideals of brotherhood. The aim of the church and of the Sunday-school should be to make the Christian ideals effective in every part of human life. All questions of speculative theology are now overshadowed by practical applications of the brotherhood spirit. It is the old gospel of love to man that is needed, only we need it not so much as mere sentiment as in its practical illustrations. There is nothing adequate to human progress but the regeneration of the heart, and the realization of true brotherhood. We need to know men better through a loving sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men. Let one try to be heartily and intelligently helpful to others, and he will come to understand them better; and in this way the separating barriers in society will be overthrown. After all, the best training in the Sunday-school is that which comes from the vitalizing influence of personality.

Mrs. FANNY B. AMES thought the Sunday-school was of value to a child because it helped him to think of himself as belonging to a social order in which spiritual things dominate. This is the true idea of the church, — of the kingdom of heaven. It is of great advantage to a child to find out that he is a social unit related to other social units in the *finest things of life*. Then the disinterestedness of the teacher is a shaping force, just as the example of Jesus as the disinterested teacher of mankind is a great inspiration. The Sunday-school fosters a sense of sanctity which leads to reverence. In Jesus we view a great personality occupied in uniting God with man and in searching after divine laws, — not busied with secular things. The Sunday-school has an advantage over the church in coming nearer to the child, and in a sense over the home by reason of the impersonal character of the teaching. The Sunday-school teacher is helping to bring in the better day — the higher social state — by quickening the Christian ideal, and the spirit of brotherhood in the hearts of the young.

Rev. JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS referred to the fact that more and more is religion coming into touch with the social questions, while political economy is more and more making human nature its starting point. Awaken new wants in a man, and you

begin to civilize him, — even to make him more moral. The Irishman whose daughter has been taught in the cooking-school abandons the grog-shop for his home, because better food on his table has raised and satisfied new desires. An employer who had read the new literature in which the spirit of brotherhood is shown in its modern applications, voluntarily paid the expense of one of his employees who by reason of ill health was obliged to go to a hospital. Religion finds in all these social questions a field to work in. Such manuals as Mr. Dole's "Citizen and Neighbor" are helping our young people to see what religion means when it is applied to life.

Rev. C. F. DOLE would rather emphasize the *religious* purpose of the Sunday-school; only he would say that religion in our conception of it takes *all* life for its province. Our aim in church and Sunday-school is to Christianize all life. We need teachers who are themselves "living epistles" of this higher type of religion, — the religion which consecrates the whole man to the doing of God's will in daily life.

Rev. W. R. LORD said that in its doctrine of love Christianity offers the only scientific solution of social difficulties. Even in the Sunday-school there is too much separation of social classes. We should try to lead children to practise the teaching of the Parable of the Feast, — by actually giving where they cannot hope to get anything in return; by making those happy who have no way of paying back. The true home is what it is because *love* is its active principle; and society must be a larger home where this law of love shall reign in every heart.

"THE IDEAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL."

BY MRS. J. B. BOUTON.

[From a paper read before the League of Unitarian Women of New York.]

"THERE will be a great deal of music in the Ideal Sunday-School, congregational singing of course, and occasionally a fine quartette. The choir of the church perhaps will come in to assist the children, and will lend its more practised skill to the rendering of some fine anthem.

There will be simple forms also in the Ideal Sunday-School, — responsive services, and both prayer in unison and silent prayer. In every way children will be habituated to the exercise of the devotional spirit.

In the Ideal Sunday-School the plan of education will always be directed more to the soul than to the mind; and the object of all the system in its outward management will be to make more easy the diffusion of its spiritual influence. Each teacher will realize that the work is to be done by relying on the power within that works for righteousness in the hearts of us all, and her main effort will be to make her scholars believe this also, and so to consecrate themselves early to the service of the Indwelling God! Think of the spiritual magnetism of a score of teachers filled with the might of such a faith! It alone might render any Sunday-school an ideal one."

STILL ANOTHER STATEMENT.

WE give below the Statement of Belief used in the Sunday-school of the Church of our Father, in Portland, Oregon (Rev. Dr. T. L. Eliot, pastor).

WHAT I BELIEVE.

I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, who is all-wise, merciful, just, and good.

I believe in Jesus Christ, the dearly beloved son of God, who teaches me the truth and the way of duty. He went about doing good; he suffered and died on the cross for our sake; he arose from the dead and ascended into heaven; and all who truly believe in him have everlasting life.

I believe in the Holy Spirit, by which God makes me feel his loving presence, and helps me to know and to do what is right, to love what is good, and to shun what is wrong.

I believe that I am a child of God; that I ought to love and obey him, to thank him for his mercies, and pray to him; to repent of all that I have done wrong, and try in all ways to please him.

COMMON PURPOSE OF FRATERNITY CHAPEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL, BOSTON.

BY REV. JOHN B. GREEN, PASTOR OF THE CHAPEL.

WE join, a band of learners all, and sit at Jesus' feet, To learn of him the better way to make our lives complete;

We join with him to worship God, our Father kind and true, To ask that he with love divine our hearts would all renew;

We join to seek that Grace and Truth, can make us wise and free To live in love with God for man, thus faithful children be;

We join to stand a bulwark strong against the foes of right, To help and cheer the faint and weak who falter in the fight.

We join to work in faith and love to bring that kingdom in Which Jesus lived and died to bring, — a world redeemed from sin.

And so, in hopeful trust, we look to God, our Father dear, To send his heavenly blessing down upon our labors here.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

At the April meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Union Rev. N. Boynton will read a paper on "Elements of Success in Sunday-School Work."

THE Channing Club of Boston hold their annual "Ladies' Night" at the Vendome on the evening of April 27. The subject for discussion is to be, "The relations of young men to the Sunday-school."

At the March meeting of the Unitarian Club of Keene, N. H., on the evening of March 18, the secretary of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society spoke upon "What our Sunday-schools are doing, and what they ask of the churches." The same afternoon Mr. Spaulding met the teachers of the Sunday-school in a special conference.

THE Sunday-school of the Unitarian Church in Lowell, Mass., has an average attendance of one hundred and twenty-five pupils. Nearly one half of this number attend the class taught by the pastor, Rev. George Batchelor. The affairs of the Sunday-school in this church are managed by a special Sunday-school society that holds its annual meeting in May. An annual subscription of one dollar is solicited from each member of the congregation. This Sunday-school is regularly visited by committees from the Society and from the Women's Alliance.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

The uniform subscription price of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY is *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper, will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,
25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.